

YOUNG BLAINE'S ESCAPADES END HIS ARMY CAREER



Five Young Women Who Have Repudiated Young Blaine.

sweetest creature he could find close to his heart? Had she been a maiden all would have been well—that would simply have been a sign of engagement, for it is customary in Honolulu to fall in love and become betrothed in the space of a few minutes at a dance.

But, unfortunately for Blaine, this particular beauty was also a bride—by name Liliu Aona, the wife of one of the principal citizens of the capital.

This same citizen was right on the spot, too, and before the young American officer knew just what was happening he was rolling like a pool ball under the palms in the garden. He was carried aboard ship by a squad of soldiers.

The previous incident of Captain Blaine's career as a soldier—for this is a story told backward it must be remembered—was at San Francisco. It was in July when General Merritt was preparing to embark his troops for the Philippines.

There is a most delightful place in the Golden Gate City known as the Biltmore Grotto. It isn't any out of the way cave, either, but right on a main highway and frequented by the very swell set.

It was there that Samuel R. Hollander, of Boston, a friend of Blaine, was one evening playing host at a table whose seat of honor was held by the fascinating little actress, Madeleine Bouton, then the reigning queen of the stage on the Pacific Coast. Captain Blaine in all the splendor of his new uniform entered the cafe, and seeing his old friend Hollander, went straight up to him and struck him—for a loan.

That was permissible enough, for everybody knows how poorly paid our soldiers are and what a strain it is on the officers to keep up appearances. But the manner in which Captain Blaine made this demand didn't suit Mr. Hollander. He refused very pointedly.

Now, the Captain was very red in the face, and his nose glowed with native Californian claret, and instead of retiring he sat down at the table and began to monopolize the attention of the beautiful Madeleine, whom it turned out he had seen before.

The San Francisco newspapers next morning had a dreadful sequel to record in which a great name and young captain seemed to have got the worst of it. All that prevented it from developing into a police court affair was the same distinguished name and the gold braid of its owner.

There were very lively rumors of an impending duel and all that sort of thing for a day or two. Then came a speedy embarkation, and the departure of the

hero captain for the seat of war set the whole matter at rest.

Last Spring, before the patriotic Mr. Blaine got a commission with which to serve his country, his illustrious name was associated with that of one of New York's best known young women.

It was said that he was going to mend his capricious ways and that Miss Kuhne Beveridge, the attractive and talented sculptress, was to reward him with her heart and hand. Denials from the lady's mother were called across from Europe and young Mr. Blaine was cast adrift again.

Continuing on the way backward into this hero's career, another beautiful face peers through his horoscope. It seems that fate made this artless Blaine boy a natural lover. For when he was very young, barely of age, back in 1885, he met and loved at sight the sweet, bewitching Marie Nevins, who was then winning her first stage fame.

He promptly adopted the part of Romeo, and, instead of merely talking with his Juliet on the balcony, he chivalrously carried her off and married her.

There was a dreadful family row when this proceeding was known away down in Maine by the elder Blaines. But there was no help for it then, and the young couple lived as sweetly as birds in a nest in a cozy New York apartment for over a year. But an untimely time came on a Summer's day, and the passionate husband was said to have actually struck his pretty wife on a street at Long Branch. Everybody sympathized with her, of course. In due legal time a divorce was obtained, and Marie Nevins, again free, went on the stage to

win new honors, and at length married the eminent Dr. W. T. Bull, of New York.

There is one other fair name and sweet face linked, oh, so sadly, with this same impetuous youth's.

When his father was a wonderful magnetic power in Washington, in the '80's, young James G. held a lucrative Government clerkship there. He was one of the pets of society.

He became infatuated with the handsome face and winsome ways of Isadora Palmer, daughter of ex-Congressman Palmer. In a moment of adoration he passionately persuaded her to elope with him to New York.

There was a terrible scandal when Washington society learned what had happened and the girl's father found her deserted in this great city. That ostracized young Mr. Blaine from Washington society, in spite of his illustrious name.

This has been a brief chronicle of Mr. Blaine's love episodes. But there have been other things in his career that have brought him before the public eye from time to time.

His first very innocent exploit that brought him into local fame up in Augusta, Me., occurred when he was in his teens. He attacked the driver of a watering cart, laid him out, and then mousing the cart,

the Congressman's son proceeded to water the streets of the town.

That, however, was mere boyish love of adventure.

He bobbed up in New York two years ago in a somewhat different light. It was just after the nomination of William J. Bryan for President. In some strange way young Blaine got into a fist argument on politics one evening and the next morning appeared in police court giving the name of Jordan Jones. But the docket was too transparent. The rugged Blaine features, the precise outline of his father, betrayed him, and a friend rushed forward with money to pay his fine.

It was very evident that something more ardent than political enthusiasm had brought him into that scrape. In fact, it was evident that his convivial habits were growing upon him amazingly. So it was no surprise when a year later it was noted about that this same famous Mr. Blaine was taking the gold cure at White Plains.

It was hoped by friends of his father that that would be the turning point in his mad career. When entry into the army was announced last May these hopes seemed about to be gratified. But now comes the news announced in the first sentence of this tale of Blaine.

CAPTAIN JAMES G. BLAINE, son of the late distinguished statesman from Maine, who has been assistant adjutant general on the staff of General Wesley Merritt at Manila, is bulletined by the War Department as "recalled." Coming on the heels of sundry escapades at Honolulu and San Francisco, which the dashing young captain performed on his spectacular trip westward, it would seem to indicate that his career as a soldier is at an end. This marks a climax in the affairs of this bearer of a famous name. He has linked it with those of some of the fairest daughters of the land, who have one by one repudiated him. Added to his social scandals is this new series of adventures as young Blaine extends the zone of his merry life around the world.

CAPTAIN JAMES G. BLAINE is about to return to the United States from Manila. This is the meagre announcement given out at the War Department in Washington. But in it lies a suggestion that the late distinguished statesman's son will have to resign from the army in disgrace.

Ever since this convivial and somewhat rapid bearer of a great name assumed his captain's commission in the army, on the 21st of last May, he has had a dazzling career.

He was only assistant adjutant-general to General Wesley Merritt's staff, but from the time he entered the service he completely outshone all the officers of the Philippine Army Corps.

At each stopping point along the route to our far-off Oriental possessions, at San Francisco and at Honolulu, came the news of startling achievements of the newly made captain. The wires fairly hummed with Blaine escapades while he was at San Francisco, with stories of a pretty actress, knockouts, a prospective duel and other affairs of honor and dishonor.

His conquest of Honolulu was a little slower in reaching New York, owing to the lack of cable connections, but the mail has at length brought a full account of that, together with the name and picture of the Hawaiian girl whom Captain Blaine has made famous through association with his own. It is Liliu Aona.

Since the cable from Manila has been

mended the name of Blaine is again sent humming homeward along a somewhat circuitous route, via Asia, Europe and the Atlantic Ocean.

There is a strict military censor at Manila under Admiral Dewey's direction, so we are denied the juicy details of Mr. Blaine's latest coup d'etat. We only know that as a result of it he is coming home.

When the transport bearing Captain Blaine, we may as well call him by his title, for the brief time he retains it, arrived at the port of Honolulu, of course, all the officers went ashore.

Honolulu society did its best to entertain them, and the officers, left, of course, by the hero captain, rushed straight into the arms of society.

This was all right as far as the swell and far famed Honolulu girls were concerned, and most of the officers made a distinction between them and the rest of society. But the young man whose father was from Maine didn't.

It happened this way. A very swell set of the Honolulu elite tendered a reception to General Merritt and his staff. First came feasting on such delicacies as green turtles, humming birds and orchid juice; then speeches and songs and finally dancing.

Oh, such dancing! To us cold-blooded Northerners the passionate music, the dreamy maze of the native waltz, accompanied by the dusky belles' poetry of motion, are quite unconceivable.

It is remarkable then that the impetuous Captain Blaine, casting aside self-control, forgetting propriety, forgetting his gold lace and epaulets, boldly clasped the

Monsters in Plaster in New York Restored to Look Just as They Did in Life Centuries Ago.



MEGALOSAURUS—JUMPING LEAPERS.

THERE lived on this continent at one time more strange reptiles and monsters than fantastic mankind has ever developed with blade or pencil.

The hugeness of children's fairy tales and the queer freaks of spectacular stage and once really lived and worked out their allotted lifetime as occupants of the earth. That much is now definitely proven, and by such eminent scientists and students of the perianth, cretaceous and tertiary periods as the late Professor Cope and Professors Seville, Osborn and Wortman, members of the American Museum of Natural History of New York.

After a great many years of study and careful investigation of the vertebrate fossils secured during recent years from the tertiary and secondary deposits of North America, many of the quaintest monsters have been restored by Mr. Charles Knight, who, working under suggestions and criticisms by the staff of curators of the Museum, has successfully carried out the work which enabled Mr. Jacob Goumel to execute models in plaster of Paris.

The recent restorations, five in number, are now on exhibition at the Museum of Natural History, on Seventy-ninth street, Central Park West. Such grotesque and seemingly impossible creatures were never before seen by people of this age and generation, yet every one of them had its prototype in life many thousands of years ago.

The first of the series represents the Agathidium spheerocerus, a heavily armored dinosaur twenty-five feet in length. The next remarkable restoration presents the Hadrosaurus mirabilis, also a dinosaur, measuring from the tip of its powerful tail to the end of the snout, shaped not unlike a duck's bill, thirty-eight feet. It was found in an excellent state of preservation in the late cretaceous beds, and was probably

organisms and tender plants. Its body was covered with a thick rhinoceros hide, parts of which were found so well preserved that there are first-class specimens of it extant today in the museum of the late Professor Cope.

There is also a carnivorous type of dinosaur, which is but fifteen feet in length, but much more destructive and vicious than its amphibious, plant-eating relation. At least eight feet of the carnivorous dinosaur consists of tail, light and agile comparatively.

Among the "beak-headed" reptiles, valuable specimens of which were made up from discoveries made in the perianth beds of Texas, the Nanosaurus claviger is restored and can be seen on exhibition among the others. It is of a highly specialized form.

It is but a question of time before the Museum will contain reproductions and restorations of all reptiles known to the

different parts of North America. The State of Wyoming has been found to be a great depository for fossils of magnificent size and value. A recent discovery of the backbone of a great dinosaurian reptile in the southern part of the State has enabled students of reptilian fossil to look back into the early periods with understanding, and some important and heretofore unanswered problems have been disposed of once and for all.

Investigations are now being prosecuted in Kansas with a view to completing a collection of flying reptiles and marine swimming reptiles. For the mammalian collection was secured a three-toed horse, which added another valuable link to the history of this family and to its contemporaries—the Mammas, sloths, etc.

There are many improvements in the mechanical department of the Museum—notably the rhinoceros skeleton, the most perfect example of its kind in existence, in so far as it is connected with invisible steel rods which pass through the centre of the bones and give it a rigidity and consistency that guarantee perfect form.

The mount of Phenacodus, wherein every bone can be removed for purposes of study, is one of the rarest and most unique fossil skeletons in the world.



AGATHIDIUM SPHEEROCERUS—HORNED MONSTER.



NANOSAURUS CLAVIGER—EXTINCT REPTILE.



HADROSAURUS MIRABILIS—LEAPING REPTILE.